

Art History



**A Collection of Poems
by Doug Tanoury**

Art History – A Collection of Poems by Doug Tanoury

Cover Art: Torso of Aphrodite, 1st Century BC, Detroit Institute of Arts

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Republican Songs

A tall and handsome woman,
Fully tattooed across her neck,
Shoulders, arms and hands, she was
All the colors of a garden in Granada.

When she wore a sleeveless dress
And gestured when she talked, it was
A flight of light: a blur of reds,
A swirl of blues and flash of greens.

When she sang sad Republican songs from the
Spanish Civil War, her hands danced in slow
Gentle motions like Birds of Paradise
Touched by a tropical breeze.

Persian Rice

For dinner she makes a large
Platter of Persian rice that is
An artist's pallet, where grains
Of white and yellow mass and mingle
With dried red fruits like a multitude
Of Muslim pilgrims converging in Mecca.

In the kitchen she talks to me
As she is busy at the stove,
Tipping a pan and scooping. She repeats
The recipe over the contents as it were
A secret incantation and I catch only...
Cinnamon, cumin and cardamom.

I speak them rapidly back to her
In almost a half-whisper,
With the earnestness of a suppliant
Reciting a prayer, and I tell her
There is poetry in Persian Rice;
It is alive with alliterative spice.

It sits steaming on the table between us,
Bejeweled with pomegranate seeds,
Rose petal and bits of oranges.
In the first bite, I taste a secret pinch of saffron,
An unseen dash of sumac and all the flavors
Of my grandmother's pantry.

Beneath the Water

Today was the day he died
Many years ago now.
I remember I was at his bedside
At his passing. He said hello,
Which I took as his goodbye,
As he slowly drifted like the body
Of a down man floating just below
The water of a green river
Toward an ocean of great blue beyond.

There was no poetry,
Only prose that day,
As he moved in and out of consciousness
Like a man lost at sea,
Bobbing up at intervals and
Breaking the surface
Gulping for air.

There was a priest in a black suite;
He may have actually worn casual street clothes,
I can't quite recall,
Who read the Gospel:
"What father, whose son asked for a loaf of bread
Would give him a stone,
Or a fish and give him a serpent..."

And it went on:
"He who loves his life
Shall lose it, and he who hates it
Shall find it..."
I who asked for bread and fish
Listened hungry and understood.

And when his head slipped quietly
Beneath the water,
I held my breath too,
Just to be with him
A few moments longer.

Sunday Morning

Sunday morning appeared
Paroxysmally
Over Grayland Avenue
And I-195 beyond,
In accustomed fashion
Filling the sunrise windows
Of my bedroom and growing
From a weak tea stain
Toward a soft amber light,

And my first thought,
As I flipped the heavy down quilt
Back with a sudden flap of my arm
To arise,
Is my last from the night before.
Yesterday
Persists and intrudes into
Today,
And I begin where I left off.

From some inner part,
Perhaps my heart,
A message is repeated,
One I somehow
Missed the meaning of
The day before, and so,
In endless repetition
It is replayed for
My more remedial mind.

Two Blondes Within a Poem

I rescued a book from a dumpster
In downtown Baltimore as I walked to
Penn Station one morning. I waded in garbage,
Sinking somewhere between knees and thighs,
Unsteady on my feet like I was standing in the surf.
I hauled it out of the trash and held it skyward,
As I struggled for balance, as if it were
A large shellfish that I plucked from the sea.
It was a volume of collected poems in
Which, years later, I first read Robert Lowell's
Depiction of William Carlos Williams with his aged mother,
And I am sure at some weak moment, I would
Trade the book, Lowell himself, both Williams and his
Mother, for two blondes within a poem.

The Blue Bicycle

I happened to see
A child's blue bicycle
Today and I was touched.

It was just like yours,
A little girl's and Peacock blue.
It made me remember

Walking into a pet store
With you long ago
On a neighborhood

Excursion. We were
Following the sounds
Of puppies yapping,

Only to be surprised
By a cageful of parrots
Fluttering from perch

To perch, playfully
Making the puppy yelps
Of a large litter.

Some things are just not
What they initially
Seem to be.

Isn't it amazing,
The places that a
Bicycle can take you.

Dirty Martini

Martinis are sinfully sexy drinks.
Due mostly to their decadent
Art deco shape,
Ethereal and elegant,
Like spaghetti straps on a sequin dress.
A stiletto heel stem lifts a liquid
That rises in lighter than air fashion
Within a delicate glass blossom
Where blue cheese stuffed olives
Float in alcohol free fall.

Spring

Spring comes to me now
Like either a green hiatus
Or an abrupt scene change
In the surrealistic landscape of some dream
And I am neither fully awake
Nor completely aware
Of all its meaning and import.

The willows awaken
In wisps of pale and subtle growth
That forms around their branches like a mist,
A nimbus of color,
That sways in the breeze on May mornings
In ways that reminds me of the soft movement of air
In a woman's hair.

I walk through the day,
A somnambulist's unconscious journey,
Seeing, but not seeing,
Hearing, but not hearing,
Feeling, but not feeling,
Perceiving, but not perceiving.

And when I talk, it is the one sided
Soliloquy of a sleeper's dialoged
Where each word I whisper
Has the visible substance of the vapor
Exhaled with each breath
Onto the frozen air of a January morning.

I dream of spring,
Of soft breezes and mild mornings
And of the sycamores
That awaken ever so slowly
And will not show a hint of foliage
Until the first days of June.

Colonnade Gray

There was a cloister
Connecting the rectory
To the church.

As a boy, I called it
A walkway bordered
By petite columns.

Years later when
I understood what
An arcade was,

I remembered how
The columns formed an
Interplay of light and shadow

In an interesting way,
Backlit with sunrise
On summer mornings,

And I wondered
What could a priest
Possibly be thinking

As he walked through
This walkway bordered
By those petite columns

To say morning Mass
Attended always
By the same old women.

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Stone Lions

Standing outside the
Art Museum trying to
Hail a passing cab.

The Blue Vase

Lapis lazuli is the color of the glaze
On the blue vase on the shelf,
And its shape is uniquely female
With a buxom bulging chest
And a tapering waist dropping
Toward a thin base, like a lyric soprano
I have seen singing.

Perhaps it is the deep blueness,
The way the glaze catches the light
More than its operatic shape
That always draws my eye,
The iridescent inner glow
That reminds me of an evening sky
Painted in the colors of late July.

Art History

The most pervasive and long-lasting memory of her:
She was lying across a large mattress partially wrapped
In the bed linen in an afternoon of white marble.

Torso of Aphrodite, I called her as she flung the sheet
Off to expose shoulders, breasts and stomach
In a study of white on white that Whistler might paint.

She heard me as her hair tumbled across her face
Until only her smile was unobscured and fully visible,
Along with cream thighs and milk breasts in the sunlight.

The “S” shape of her lying across the bed in the
Sculpture garden of my memory, a Roman copy of
A Greek original and the whiteness of her naked smile.

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Aging

(Chicago's Fog)

Forgetfulness steals in silently
And without form, it floats
Like the fog from Lake Michigan.

Unable to recall my high-rise
Apartment on Lakeshore and Banks,
The dense clouds of Chicago

Wrapped in a thick shroud so pervasive
All light, shape and color fade and space
Is filled with a November greyscale.

The powerful scent of the lobby upon first
Entering, where the large doorman sat behind
The small desk, is fleeting and grows indistinct,

As memory fades until all afternoons
And every evening sit forgotten on the
Cold soapstone counter of my dim lit kitchen.

Quarter Horse Blues

Charles Bukowski was gloomy and dark
As a December afternoon in Detroit.
If sadness had a color his went far beyond blue,
Toward the deepest melancholy hues of the purple.

After breakfast (two boilermakers)
He would head to the Hollywood Park Racetrack
Where his unhappiness waned
To some level of comfort, due to his
Extreme conceit, madness and greed
(These are his own words).

The track was a simple diversion from reality
and the horses, symbols of his dangerous passions,
The runaway emotions that hurt him and
Those around him, especially
Those closest to him. He was a suicide bomber
For lovers, friends and more unsuspecting victims,
The collateral damage of a deep purple in him.

He said that the horses always looked
To be in better shape than the people.
I must say that I agree fully,
And although it is debatable if horses
truly have higher intelligence than humans,
The fact that they are more trustworthy
And honest is indisputable, and of course,
It says something about people and horses,
And an awful lot about Bukowski.

In the Metro

My daily journey begins in solitary steps
Through empty and dark streets
On a January morning before sunrise.
My feet shuffling to the station,
A grand public space, without doors
And partially open to the sky and air
Like a Roman amphitheater
Built into the side of a hill.

I float far down the long-stretched escalators
That rise from nothing and gave more steps
Than the great Mayan pyramids at Uxmal and Chichén Itzá.
They waterfall in endlessly ascent and descent cascade,
In long liquid counter currents
That flow upstream and downstream
Before collapsing and folding into nothingness.

The Metro is that mystical "somewhere" place
Where it is always "five o'clock",
Where the air is dark Honduran rum.
I sail slowly through the twilight and watch
Each stained yellow window of a passing train car
Like frames running in a film chockablock with faces

In the metro's grand chambered halls
There is no eating or drinking.
It is a gloom filled necropolis without color,
In black and white.
Only the dead live there,
Without feathers, with only scales,
Without poetry, only prose.

Highlands of Iceland

The empty road through the highlands cuts through a rocky landscape
And a stream snakes its way toward a green lake, both stretching out toward
Far off mountain peaks obscured in clouds, and the wasteland appears
To throw out its arms to welcome me

In a gesture like when old friends who have not seen each other for a long while
Embrace, with arm flinging wide in slightly exaggerated and dramatic
Movement toward openness and the hug is hard and held long, the wasteland
Greeted me in such a way,

As if it were a childhood friend, a high school chum, a college buddy,
Someone that knows your secret strengths and weakness from a time
When you didn't have to hide them, someone who knows your origins and past,
And even knew your parents,

And to me the landscape seemed intimately familiar like the barren expanse
Of a blacktop parking lot south of Atwater Street in downtown Detroit,
Where the asphalt extends right to the river's blue-green edge in the
Slightly purple twilights of December afternoons.

Phantasmagoria

Late in the evening
In the quiet of long winter nights
Broken only by the elongated exhales
And raspy respiration of the furnace,
I stay awake when everyone is asleep

And explore fragrances,
Many with French names:
Fleur d'Interdit,
Nombre Noir,
Eau d'Orange Verte,
And others with only a single English word:
Poison,
Obsession,
Opium.

Words that lull the mind with connotations
Of an altered consciousness
That Timothy Leary would embrace,
A dreamlike fugue state
Or at least something less than
Full possession of one's faculties.

I close my eyes and imagine
Seductive scents winding their way
Slowly past my nostrils
Toward dark inner olfactory passages
Like a bee squeezing its way
Through slender tubes
And slick floral chambers
Of an orchid.

Naked Astrophysics

Undressed, there is a quiet vulnerability
She wears and like nature herself, she is never
Truly naked, but rather, always holds something
Back that remains partially hidden and is never
Fully revealed.

A nude frozen for a moment in her bath,
Something Bonnard might paint, surrounded by
Diffused colors of a Mediterranean twilight,
A soft blueness of a sunset tipped slightly toward
The ultra-violet side of the spectrum that is more a
Property of the atmosphere than of any
Physical light.

She is a singularity where sight, sound, smell
And touch converge with such intensity,
And forces of attraction are so powerful,
That space itself is warped until both the
Tanned public and pale private places
Of her skin become an event horizon, where
Time stops, and the memory of a lover's smile
Lingers forever.

Saint Christina the Astonishing

St. Christina prays, with head tossed back
And eyes uplifted toward heaven, as she kneels
In the topmost branches of a birch tree,
Under a sky that I remember from my childhood,
A rare blue egg tempera wash that would hang
Over the near Eastside on June mornings.

In a tree crowded with colorful birds that sing
Sweet songs amid green foliage, perches one
Sepia Saint, a lone pelican far from the sea,
A white feathered symbol of transcendence
And selfless sacrifice escaping the strong smell
Of the sinful by climbing high and far from its reach.

On the ground below, two barefoot priests
In black robes look up, one holds a cord to bind her,
The other, a ladder to snatch her, twisting and kicking
Against their grasp, like a bird pulled from its perch,
Out of the rare blue air and egg tempera sky,
Out of all the June mornings of my childhood.

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Orange

Tonight, I thought of orange and was grateful
I am a poet and not a painter.

I find orange most poetic,
In all its shades and hues, it shines warmth,
Sweetness and the fresh smell of citrus.
I have this color in common
With abstract expressionist painters
And New York School poets.

Orange –
The summer sunset in Greenwich Village
And deserving of elevation to high literary status
On that basis alone, or perhaps more fitting,
Seeing a woman in a black evening dress
Turning her head in a way that swings
Her dangling citrine earrings
So they catch the light just so.

Winter's Decision

Footsteps across a
Field change directions – a choice
Recorded in snow.

Intellectual Grey

Cold and remote,
His button-down formality,
Made him straight faced
And unreachable,

For he had forgotten
The sound of wind in the trees,
And the smell of the river
On June mornings.

Paloma Picasso Twilight

This poem began with death and destruction,
The sky filled with falling bombs, and the realization
That we create our own repeated disasters
Like Picasso persistently drawing doves,
Degas painting dancers, and Bach playing fugues.

In this poem that would paint the Guernica
Of me loving you, I remember gentle movement
In the kuka palm overgrown with bougainvillea
Just after sunset, and the soft rustling sounds
From the fronds as dove's nest for the night.

Trademarks

In the poorest pueblo
The tiendas have earthen floors,
Roofs of palapa and corrugated
Steel panels laid over
With sheets of tar paper, and
The walls have large new letters that say
“Siempre” in white and red
Freshly painted by the local subsidiary
Of a distant global conglomerate.

When the rain is relentlessly hard
And color is washed away
Behind the dull grey curtain
Of a tropical downpour
Obscuring the bright branding
On a cinderblock wall
And proves even in time’s slow progress
Across a Mexican afternoon,
The stubborn persistence
Of symbols that never sleep

Plum Street and Main

I pause as I pass the corner
Of Plum Street and Main,
For it is there that I find
That I have lost
Some critical component
Of personal identity,
A key “something”
That seems to have
Suddenly slipped away.

Memories are like city streets
And progress like poems
That take you in a certain direction,
To a particular place,
And then intersect and turn
In switchback fashion
To run back upon themselves,
In surprising and often crazy ways
That make no sense,
Hairpin turns take you from anticipation
To the deflated silence of quiet cul-de-sacs
And dead-end disappointment.

The phantasmagoria of my past
Has a hiatus so abrupt
That I awaken from
A psychogenic fugue
And find myself in some strange city
At the starkly plain and uninteresting
Intersection of Plum Street and Main,
Without her.

Disambiguation

It was a time of childhood innocence
When things were still simple.
It was when we loved most purely,
An uncomplicated time when
Evil and goodness held fairy tale clarity,
And we could see clearly,
With no obscurity or ambiguity,
Through a person—
Into the stepmother's dark heart
And the frog prince's wounded soul.

That was long ago, before
Babel and Jabberwocky
Grew up between us, words spoken
Without love, sharp edged, jagged
Rough and cutting, that defines the tone
Of all our current conversations
As if an evil spell, that cannot be broken,
Has been cast on us, blinding us
To each other's goodness,
Making us forget our past.

So we remain in the powerful grip
Of something truly evil,
The hapless enchanted victims
Of the dark insidious magic that binds us,
Steals our vision and clouds our memory.
Neither long discourses, verbose explanations
Nor any other adult devices can break the spell,
But only a child's trusting blind belief
In the transforming and liberating power
Of a fairy tale kiss can free us.

An Angel of the Modern Age

In a dim background
Of a weak December sunrise,
Passing tail pipes smoke,
Bellow exhaust, and leave behind
Grime and soot smeared across
A new morning snow,

And it is on these colorless days
When the light is grainy and fuzzy
Like old black and white photos
From my childhood
That frame an atmosphere
Of frozen air that cannot be breathed,

That I realize most fully
That there is an angel of death stalking me
Quietly,
Wearing new sneakers
With soles that leave a deep waffle print
Stamped upon the snow-covered walk,

As it stands at my front door,
Ringing the bell that interrupts everything,
Holding twin shell-casing martini shakers;
Its head encircled by a nimbus of doom
Marked with skulls, mushroom clouds and hearts.
It coyly waits what seems like forever,

And when I open the door, full black wings
Engulf and wrap me tightly like a shroud,
Folding me in the tight dark embrace
Of sudden annihilation
And oblivion that confers
The richness of full exoneration.

Year of the Steel Widgets

Western and Chinese zodiacs converged,
When I met her sitting at the bar.
It was there that I watched for the first time
A flight of ideas,
Feathered things
Twisted and intertwined—
Verbs embraced adverbs,
Adjectives put arms around nouns,
And pronouns touch
The bare shoulders of prepositions
In that moment of conjunctions
When stars aligned.

I sat on a barstool
Next to her,
Our faces bathed
In the shimmer
Of bar room light,
As I watched a story unravel.
Her mouth forming words
Like a metal press stamping out parts,
The staccato of syllables
Falling from her mouth
In rapid succession
As a punch pounds out steel widgets.

Full of restraint and reserve,
I listened. I remember
The arcane alchemy of the moment
When my yang addressed her yin;
As I spoke, slow and simple,
Understated and without devices,
It was with a hint of sadness,
That at the time I did not understand,
But only now fully comprehend.
It was the melancholy mood
Created in classic Chinese verse
When poets speak of distant love,
Far away, over tall green mountains.

The Hidden Carousel

Like a figure in a Dali print,
My body opens like a bureau.
From the most critical places
Of my anatomy: forehead,
Chest, abdomen and groin
I open to expose the underwear
Of my most inner soul,
And the thought of a carousel
On a summer day
That sits mostly forgotten
In some seldom used drawer
Left slightly ajar,
With old arcade tokens,
Pens that no longer write,
Pocket knives grown dull
Alongside lone cuff links
That have lost their mate
And a pale blue rabbit's foot.
Amid this jumble of unused junk
There is a centrifugal force that
Pulls me this way and
Pushes me that,
As a calliope plays a merry tune
In endless repetition
As time turns back
Upon itself –
The July sky above the trees
Has painted white clouds
On a rabbit foot blue afternoon,
As brightly colored horses gallop
Toward the black and white August
Of long ago,
Supported by clunking worn machinery
That spins merrily on forever
Toward failure.

Remembering Elephants

One summer the circus train came to Richmond.
And stopped downtown along the James River.
The animals were unloaded from the boxcars,

And I watched the slow exodus pass.
It reminded me of the story of Noah
Ushering the animals from the ark two by two.

Men were shouting and an occasional clanging
Of metal on metal coming from some hidden source,
And there were animal sounds that could not be identified.

When the elephants passed, I shouted:
“Free the elephants! Free them!” The handlers and elephants
Both ignored me as they formed a line and marched off.

And the site of them crossing the river, marching
Single file across the Robert E. Lee Bridge, each holding the tail
Of the elephant in front of them with their trunk.

The downtown skyline looked like a stage backdrop, as
They moved in a long line ordered by size, across that sad
Summer afternoon that I cannot seem to forget.

Open Sea

In the vastness,
The great expanse
Of constant churning motion
I found you
The only thing to cling to.

Awash in waves,
Somewhere along the way
I made a cruel-sea decision
To hang on
And not let go.

Pound's Life

*"The Mediterranean yielded up its pigments,
moment by moment, to the brutal sunshine."*

Tender is the Night – F. Scott Fitzgerald

I described in great detail to her
how the sun was shining
on the Mediterranean that day,

as brightly as in an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel.
The light was brilliant that day.
I stumbled upon Ezra Pound's plaque

on the wall of a narrow street in Rapallo.
surprised, I slowly read it, for I thought he had lived
in Venice, but now I find he was here too.

I told her of his war years, his capture,
how influential friends saved his life when
they committed him to St. Elizabeth's.

She smiled as I told her the story of Pound,
and I was uncertain if she was smiling
at Pound's life or

if she were merely smiling at me
telling her the story of Pound's life,
but the answer eventually came,

for when she first sees me
on any given occasion,
with her mouth bracketed by

deep parenthetical dimples,
she always smiles at me
as if I myself am Pound's life.

Relic Bronze

She is gone,
And all that is left of her
Is a vestigial remnant.

A wine cork from the one bottle
We shared together
Enshrined in a dresser drawer,

Nestled between pairs
Of my undershorts
And t-shirts.

Human Skull

In the corner on the lower shelf
Of a curio cabinet at The Walters
It is displayed.

Its empty eye sockets,
Nasal cavity and toothless grin
Are coral apertures

Where clownfish swim
Through ivory openings
From shadow to light

In shallow sunlit waters,
Where white-capped waves
Break upon the bare heads of bone reefs.

The Yellow Sofa

My parent's yellow sofa
Was stored away in the attic,
Covered in a sheet of thick plastic
Which in turn was covered
In a deep layer of dust.

It was the same dust
That blanketed all their stored
Furniture and belongings
Like a radioactive fallout or
A layer of dirty ice in nuclear winter.

The sofa was a burning canary color
As bright as July afternoons
Or the ripe lemons you would find
Piled together in a large bowl
In the center of the kitchen table.

It was a riotous happy,
Glee-filled joyous color
That echoed all the loud shouting
And knee slapping laughter
Of my father entertaining.

Only silence sat on the sofa
And the fallout particles of the past.
The clink of cocktail glasses
And ice cubes stirred with swizzle sticks
Have faded into nothing.

The attic air was hot and the sofa
Remained shrouded and unused
Through most of my childhood
Enduring the turbocharged heat
Of endless Detroit summers.

Mercury

In the sculpture garden at The Walters I find
Zanobi Lastricati's bronze of Mercury
Wearing only a winged helmet that makes his
Nakedness appear more completely nude.
His legs poised in a dancer's stance,
The open airiness between both knees and ankles
Adding grace and lightness to his pose.

I remember this head and winged helmet
From the ancient world, from the time before
Broken caduceus, when I was still receptive
To messages from the gods, where my grandfather
Would slowly reach into his pocket and pull out
A plastic change purse containing droplets of quicksilver
Wedge between wheat pennies and buffalo nickels.

Mercury's bronze hands are big and massive,
A sculptor's trick since classical times to properly
Scale proportion to fool the eye, and call to mind
From antiquity, my grandfather's enlarged and
Oversized hands, when his great fist would open,
Palm upturned, to reveal gargantuan possibility
Contained in the smallness of a Mercury dime.

The Odalisque

The woman in the red turban
Plays a long neck lute.
Her lips are parted slightly as she sings.

Her voice is soft, with lyrics mostly mouthed.
Her breath, the mere shadow of a whisper
Floating beneath vibrating strings

Punctuated by a high pitched twang
That signals the music's end and lingers persistently
In the air before falling into silence.

Her eyes cast upward speak a secret longing,
As behind her in the courtyard, the shadows
Of late afternoon grow longer.

Bugler's Lament

Over the years
You have faded into
The flatness of two dimensions,
And all that is left of you
In my life is a
Black and white photo
Of a soldier
In a far corner of my desk,
A simple reminder
Of a twisted history—

It is at quiet and peaceful
Moments that I reflect
On the FUBAR and
SNAFU of you,
Wars waged,
Won and lost,
The battles bungled
And untold skirmishes
Along a fluid front
Shrouded in fog.

The Sycamores on Strawberry Street

Just before sunset today
As I walked on Strawberry Street,
It was a sycamore tree,

Not too tall and not very old,
But rather ordinary and mostly unremarkable
That served as a mnemonic

Of memory and caused me to recall
(for such totems and Fetishes fill my life)
A tree I looked at often

From my front porch steps
It was tall and old and mostly bare
Well into the last days of June

Long after the ash
And maple leaves were abundant,
Fully formed and gathering

Sunlight on the trees.
I was always surprised how late
It remained leafless

Through late spring and into
Early summer, and so seeing such
Similar, but lesser trees,

Made me pause
And think of the glory of that
Sycamore in August,

How fully it was adorned
In sunset light that
Cast a soft pink hue on its

Trunk and inner limbs,
And from these seasonal studies
Sitting on a front porch step

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In the stained-glass light of August sunsets
The Sycamores on Strawberry Street
I realize it is often the case that one symbol

Stands for another, in the sometimes
Subtle, ironic and insidious way
That symbols do, that is how

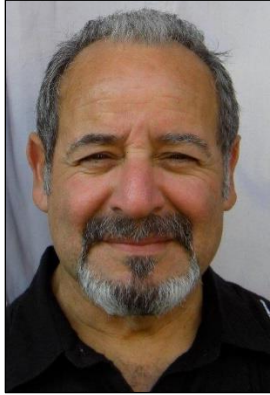
On Strawberry Street today,
Beneath a sycamore
She spoke to me, quite unexpectedly,

With a little girl's voice
From the past that called me "Dad".
And there by the sycamores

Sadness overtook me,
In the symbolism of sunset light
That shines on Strawberry Street.

Art History – A Collection of Poems by Doug Tanoury

About Doug Tanoury



Doug Tanoury has always felt that poetry should communicate the most complex concepts in the simplest language possible, and that the poetry should elevate common everyday experience into the extraordinary and fantastic. This transformation of mundane experience into the magical has always been the goal of his craft.

Doug Tanoury has been writing poetry all his adult life, and his work has been widely featured in journals, magazines and online publications.

Art History – A Collection of Poems by Doug Tanoury

Other books of poetry by Doug Tanoury

- ❖ Avon Poems
- ❖ Chicago Poems
- ❖ City Sonnets
- ❖ Cloud Boulevard
- ❖ Crows on My Path
- ❖ Detroit Poems
- ❖ Exodus Poems
- ❖ Getting Religion
- ❖ Hollywood Park Poems
- ❖ Merida Poems
- ❖ Of Evenings in Eden
- ❖ Produce Poems
- ❖ St. Mary's Art Cloister
- ❖ The Physics of Tea
- ❖ Theogony
- ❖ Tolstoy's Ghost
- ❖ Venus Imperfect
- ❖ Wounded Muse
- ❖ Zen Bandits